PAUL'S CONVERSION.

BR. TALMAGE FINDS LESSONS IN THE PERSECUTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

It Is Often Necessary For a Man to Fall In Order to Rice Again, to Go Through the Valley of "Rumiliation Before Preach-

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 10. — Rev. Dr. Talmage, who lectured in this city yesterday, having spoken during the week at Nashville, Memphis and other cities, preached here this forenoon to a large audience under the auspices of the Baptist church. The subject was, "Unborsed," and the text chosen was Acts ix, 3-5: "And as he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he art thou, Lord? And the Lord

said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

The Damascus of Bible times still stands, with a population of 135,000. It was a gay city of white and glistening architecture, its minarets and crescents and domes playing with the light of the morning sun; em bowered in groves of olive and citron and orange and pomegranate; a famous river plunging its brightness into the scene; a city by the ancients styled "a pearl surrounded by emeralds."

A group of horsemen are advancing upon that city. Let the Christians of the place hide, for that cavalcade coming over the hills is made up of persecutors, their leader small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insignificant in per-son—witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibald Alexander. But there is something very intent in the eye of this man of the text, and the horse he rides is lathered with the foam of a long and quick travel of 135 miles. He urges on his steed, for those Christians must be captured and silenced, and that religion of the cross must be annihilated.

Suddenly the horses shy off and plunge until the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses bound snorting away. You know that dumb animals at the sight of an eclipse, or an earthquake, or anything like a supernatural appearance, sometimes become very uncontrollable. A new sun had been kindled in the heavens. putting out the glare of the ordinary sun. Christ, with the glories of heaven wrapped about him, looked out from a cloud, and the splendor was insufferable, and no wonder the horses sprang and the equestrians

Dust covered and bruised, Saul attempts to get up, shading his eyes with his hands from the severe luster of the heavens, but unsuccessfully, for he is struck stone blind as he cries out, "Who art thou, Lord?" And Jesus answered him: "I am the one you have been chasing. He that whips and scourges those Damascene Christians whips and scourges me. It is not their back that is bleeding-it is mine. It is not their heart that is breaking-it is mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

HE FELL TO RISE AGAIN. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages-Paul in whose behalf prisons were rocked down, before whom soldiers turned pale, into whose hand Mediterranean sea captains put control of their shipwrecking craft, and whose epistles are the avant courier of a resurrection day.

I learn from this scene that a worldly fall sometimes precedes a spiritual uplifting. A man does not get much sympathy by falling off a horse. People say he ought not to have got into the saddle if he could not ride. Those of us who were brought up in the country remember well how the workmen laughed when, on our way back When in a grand review a general toppled from the stirrups, it became a national mer-

Here is Paul on horseback-a proud man, his pocket, a graduate of a most famous school, in which the celebrated Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, perhaps having al ready attained two of the three titles of the school-rab, the first; rabbi, the second. and on his way to rabbak, the third and highest title. I know from his temperament that his horse was ahead of the other horses. But without time to think of what posture he should take, or without consideration for his dignity, he is tumbled into the dust, and yet that was the best ride Paul ever took. Out of that violent fall he arose into the apostleship. So it has been

in all ages, and so it is now. You will never be worth much for God and the church until you lose your fortune, or have your reputation upset, or in some way, somehow, are thrown and humiliated, You must go down before you go up. Jo-seph finds his path to the Egyptian court through the pit into which his brothers threw him. Daniel would never have walked amid the bronzed lions that adorned the Babylonish throne if he had not first walked amid the real lions of the cave. And Paul marshals all the generations of Christendom by falling flat on his face on the road to Damascus.

Men who have been always prospered may be efficient servants of the world, but will be of no advantage to Christ. You may ride majestically seated on your char ger, rein in hand, foot in stirrup, but you will never be worth anything spiritually until you fall off. They who graduate from the school of Christ with the highest honors have on their diploma the seal of a lion's muddy paw, or the plash of an angry wave, or the drop of a stray tear, or the brown scorch of a persecuting fire. In 999 cases out of 1,000 there is no moral or spiritual elevation until there has been a thorough worldly upsetting.

BRAVE MEN FOR CHRIST. Again, I learn from the subject that the religion of Christ is not a pusillanimous thing. People in this day try to make us believe that Christianity is something for men of small caliber, for women with no capacity to reason, for children in the infant class under 6 years of age, but not for stalwart men. Look at this man of the text! Do you not think that the religion that could capture such a man as that must have some power in it? He was a logician; he was a metaphysician; he was an all conquering orator; he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and hurled against the sanhedrin he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school

of his native village; then he had gone to a higher school, and there mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected him self in belies lettres, until in after years he stonished the Cretans, and the Corinthians, and the Athenians, by quotations from their own authors. I have never annd anything in Carlyle or Goethe of

Mr. J. P Blalze, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest at-tacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard. says the Saturday Review.
Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so
thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fe-ver. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drugstore and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply won-derful. For sale by D. J. Humphrey.

Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and the resurrection. I have not found any thing in Milton finer in the way of imag nation than I can find in Paul's illustr

tions drawn from the amphitheater.

There was nothing in Robert Emmet leading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westmin-ster hall, that compared with the scene in the courtroom, when before robed officials Paul bowed and began his speech, saying, I think myself happy, King Agrippa, be cause I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time you stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow.

THE WORLD'S TALENT FOR CHRIST. I am glad to know that Christ has in the lifferent ages of the world had in his disripleship a Mozart and a Handel in music; Raphael and a Reynolds in painting; an elo and a Canova in sculpture; a Rush and a Harvey in medicine; a Grotius and a Washington in statesmanship; a Black-stone, a Marshall and a Kent in law, and the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories and universities, and philosophy will, through her telescope, behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see "that all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discover the "Rock of Ages."

Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the skeptic stands before you and talks of religion as though it were a pusilanimous thing-instead of that take your New Testament from your pocket and show him the picture of the intellectual giant of all the ages prostrated on the road o Damascus while his horse is flying wildly away, then ask your skeptic what it was that frightened the one and threw the other? Oh, no, it is no weak gospel. It is a glogospel. It is an all conquering gospel. It is an omnipotent gospel. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Again, I learn from the text a man canbecome a Christian until he is unhorsed. The trouble is, we want to ride into the kingdom of God just as the knight rode into castle gate on palfrey, beautifully ca-parisoned. We want to come into the kingdom of God in fine style. No kneeling down at the altar, no sitting on "anxious" no crying over sin, no begging at the door of God's mercy. Clear the road, and let us ome in all prancing in the pride of our soul. No, we will never get into heaven that way. We must dismount.

There is no knight errantry in religion, o fringed trappings of repentance, but an utter prostration before God, a going down in the dust, with the cry "Unclean, unclean!"—a bewailing of the soul, like David from the belly of hell-a going down in the dust until Christ shall by his grace lift us up as he lifted Paul. Oh, proud hearted rer, you must get off that horse. May a light from the throne of God brighter than the sun throw you! Come down into the dust and cry for pardon and life and heaven. THE PERSECUTOR REDEEMED.

Again, I learn from this scene of the text that the grace of God can overcome the persecutor. Christ and Paul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Paul's antipathy to Christ was increasing. He hated everything about Christ. He was going down then with writs in his pockets o have Christ's disciples arrested. He was not going as a sheriff goes, to arrest a man against whom he had no spite, but Paul was going down to arrest those people be-cause he was glad to arrest them. The Bible says, "He breathed out slaughter." He wanted them captured, and he wanted them butchered. I hear the click and clash and clatter of the hoofs of the galloping steeds on the way to Damascus.

Oh, do you think that proud man on norseback can ever become a Christian? les! There is a voice from heaven like a thunderclap uttering two words, the second word the same as the first, but uttered with more emphasis, so that the proud eques trian may have no doubt as to who is meant: "Saul! Saul!" That man was saved, and he was a persecutor. And so God car by his grace overcome any persecutor. The days of sword and fire for Christians seem to have gone by. The bayonets of Napoleon I pried open the "inquisition" and let the rotting wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are today mere curiosi ties for the travelers.

The Coliseum, where wild beasts used to suck up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Lolia Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth 60,000,000 sesterces, clapping her hands as the Christians died under the paw and the tooth of the lion—that Coliseum is a ruin now. The scene of the Smithfield fires is a hay market. The day of fire and sword for Christians seems to have gone by, but has the day of persecution ceased? No. Are you ot caricatured for your religion? In proportion as you try to serve God and be

faithful to him are you not sometimes maltreated? That woman finds it hard to be a Christian, as her husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against her-father, mother, brother and ister making her the target of ridicule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian in the shop or factory or store when his comrades jeer at him because he will not go to the gambling hell or other places of iniquity. Oh, no, the days of persecution have not ceased, and will not until the end of the world. But, oh, you persecuted ones, is it not time that you began to pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no flercer, no more set in their way than was this persecutor of the text. He fell. They will fall if Christ from the heavens grandly and gloriously look out on them. God can by his grace make a Renau be

lieve in the divinity of Jesus and a Tyndall In the worth of prayer. Robert Newton stamped the ship's deck in derisive indignation at Christianity only a little while before he became a Christian. "Out of my house," said a father to his daughter, "if you will keep praying." Yet before many months passed the father knelt at the same altar with the child, and the Lord Jesus Christ is willing to look out from heaven upon that derisive opponent of the Christian religion and address him not in glittering generalities, but, calling him by name: "John! George! Henry—Saul, Saul, why

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS. Again, I learn from this subject that there is hope for the worst offenders. It

particularly outrageous that Saul should have gone to Damascus on that erand. Jesus Christ had been dead only three years, and the story of his kindness, and his generosity, and his love filled all the air. It was not an old story as it is now It was a new story. Jesus had only three summers ago been in these very places, and Saul every day in Jerusalem must have met people who knew Christ, people with good eyesight whom Jesus had cured of blindness, people who were dead and who had been resurrected by the Saviour, and peo ple who could tell Paul all the particu of the crucifixion-just how Jesus looked

in the last hour, just how the heavens grew black in the face at the torture. He heard that recited every day by people who were acquainted with all the circumstances, and yet in the fresh memory of that scene he goes to persecute Christ's disciples, impatient at the time it takes to feed the ses at the inn, not pulling at the snaffle, but riding with loose rein faster and faster. Oh, he was the chief of sinners! No outbreak of modesty when he said that. He was a murderer. He stood by when Stephen

when the rabble wanted to be speded in their work of destroying hen and wanted to take off their coats, but did not dare to lay them down lest they be stolen, Paul said, "Fil take care of the coats," and they put them down at the feet of Paul, and he watched the coats, and he tched the horrid mangling of glorious

foot did not catch somewhere in the trap-pings of the saddle and he was not dragged or kicked to death? He deserved to die miserably, wretchedly and forever, notwithstanding all his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his logic. He was the chief of sinners. He said what was the chief ers. He said what was true when he said that. And yet the grace of God saved man in this house who thinks he is too had to be saved and says, "I have wandered very grievously from God; I do not believe there is any hope for me," I tell you the story of this man in the text who was rought to Jesus Christ in spite of his sins

ly opposed to Christ as Paul was. There be some here who are captive of their sins as much so as the young man who said in regard to his dissipating habits: "I will keep on with them. I know I am breaking my mother's heart, and I know I am kill ing myself, and I know that when I die 1 shall go to hell, but it is now too late to

AN ENCOURAGING EXAMPLE. The steed on which you ride may be swifter and stronger and higher mettled than that on which the Cilician persecutor rode, but Christ can catch it by the bridle and hurl it back and hurl it down. There is mercy for you who say you are too bad to be saved. You say you have put off the matter so long; Paul had neglected it a great while. You say that the sin you have committed has been among the most ag-gravating circumstances; that was so with

You say you have exasperated Christ and coaxed your own ruin; so did Paul. And yet he sits today on one of the highest of the heavenly thrones, and there is mercy for you, and good days for you, and gladness for you, if you will only take the same Christ which first threw him down and then raised him up. It seems to me as if I can see Paul today rising up from the high way to Damascus, and brushing off the dust from his cloak, and wiping the sweat of excitement from his brow, as he turns to us and all the ages, saying, "This a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Once more, I learn from this subject that there is a tremendous reality in religion. If it had been a mere optical delusion on the road to Damascus, was not Paul just the man to find it out? If it had been a sham and pretense, would he not have pricked the bubble? He was a man of facts and arguments, of the most gigantic intellectual nature, and not a man of hallucina tions. And when I see him fall from the saddle, blinded and overwhelmed, I say there must have been something in it. And, my dear brother, you will find that there is something in religion somewhere The only question is, Where?

There was a man who rode from Stam-ford to London, 95 miles, in five hours on horseback. Very swift. There was a woman of Newmarket who rode on horseback a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Very swift. But there are those here, ave, all o us are speeding on at tenfold that velocity. at a thousandfold that rate, toward eterni ty. May Almighty God, from the opening heavens, flash upon your souls this the question of your eternal destiny, and oh, that Jesus would this hour overcome you with his pardoning mercy as he stands ere with the pathos of a broken heart and sobs into your ear: "I have come for thee ing. I come with my feet mangled with the nails. I come with my brow aching from the twisted bramble. I come with my heart bursting for your woes. I can stand it no longer. I am Jesus whom

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Whose Garden Is It?

The moment I enter a garden I know at mee whether it is the owner's garden or the gardener's garden. Nearly all large and costly gardens are gardeners' gardens, and for my part I would not take them as a gift. I don't think I ever remember envying the gardens of the great, but I continually see cottage gardens, little village or secluded plots, cultivated and made beautiful by the pathetic expedients of the poor, which seem to have a charm mine cannot rival. Almost every garden, and certainly my own, sins against the law of economy. There are too many flowers, and effect, surprise and sug-

I have seen one clambering rose, one lin gering hollyhock giorify a cottage home, arrest one's step and prolong one's medita-tions longer than all the terraces of Chatsworth. Dear Lamia, cultivate simplicity and tenderness, and crush out as deadliest poison what I call your low tastes—you taste for splendor, profusion and the pride of life. In your case they are not to be indulged in without what you spoke of as the accessory becoming the principal and the occasional the perpetual. The owner of a garden may not care for it in the least, but you cannot very well keep him out of it.— Alfred Austin in The National Review.

The Ancient Hearse.

The ancient hearse, so often mentioned in vills and funeral directions, was not a carriage for the conveyance of the body like that in use at the present day, but was a four square framework of timber, from each corner of which rose a rafter, slanting, and all four rafters met at the top. This was covered with black cloth, and at the funer als of persons of distinction was set up for a time in the choir for the reception of the body during the service. It was surrounded with rails and fringed and ornamented according to the rank of the deceased. Until the Reformation hearses were garnished with numerous lights, as well as with pencils and escutcheons, but with the change of faith the lights were discontinued. These hearses were introduced about the fourteenth century, and they continued to be used until the civil wars of the seventeenth century.-Westminster Gazette

Not a Rare Complaint. "What is the matter with Spriggins?" "Alphabetic derangement. "What do you mean?" "Not enough v's and x's, and too many

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists. TO HORSE OWNERS.

o u's."-Washington Star.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

For Sale by D. J. Humphrey. HER LAST VISITOR.

Across her sky of summer dark and slow When the cloud fell, but the last light she had Left her that day, young, beautiful—and mad Till the great House of liky shut her in, And there, as if she was not nor had bee Hope came no more.

Is it a wonder that when he fell from the Ouly love came, with tender voice and hand, orso he did not break his neck—that his And smile and kiss she scarce could under And once dear eyes, that now unanswere

beamed When friends looked on her, and as if she

years
They met their lost one in the sad retreat
And found her not, and passed with bure

She saw them but as phantoms which all hours Thrust on her brain, and yet they brought he flowers And gentle words, and lavished—was it vain? Their unthanked pity on her unfelt pain Month after month, year after year—and then Some fell away; the world had swept them by, And sorrowing friendship with its lingering

Came not again.

Her mates found other favorites, some wer wives
And mothers; into her own sisters' lives
Crept care; her brothers turned aside to wed
New loves grown dearer than the living dead;

Till but two yearning mourners looked and Upon the imprisoned shadow of their child, And breathed her name,

ong time the suffering father kept his tryst, But failed at length and staid away, unmi By her he missed so sorely. Oh, the balm Of a crazed soul's forgetfulness, the calm That feels not when forgotten of its own! The mother bore his load; and, with no mat

She went alone, week in, week out, alone Summer and winter, till her blighted one Became her babe again, and she grew gray In motherly pilgrimages, nor delay Nor doubt nor danger where her errand led Staid her love's visit, longing to bring home Her child. At last one day she did not come, But she was dead. -Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

KNIGHT AND PILGRIM

My ancestor was a knight and th owner of vast realms. His domains inand farms and other gilt edge col- tree for awhile. lateral, and his vassals were numbered by hundreds.

The management of his real estate he left to an agent, who boomed it to they did. his lord's advantage, while my ancestor spent his time in tourneying and when in funds.

He was a man of medium height. who wore eyeglasses and sandy whiskers, but when he was inside of his Damascus inlaid suit of chilled steel armor he was a person of imposing appearance, and he had a deep, bass voice, which gave its hearers a lasting impres-

sion of his greatness. In battle he was a terror. Many were two handed sword, and many were the lock. trophies of the field stacked up in his eastle. He was fond of riding unattended through his domains and feeling account of one of these adventures, of his new coat of arms. vicissitudes

with a dull thud. The knight, incum- pound. bered by his weighty armor, was unable to rise when he recovered from the shock, but he managed to crawl to the get out of his armor or walk home. On old iron, he almost lost his mind. - Walt the morning of the third day, a man in shabby garb approached with slow. leisurely steps. Coming up to my ancestor, he halted in surprise, and then opening the grating in the knight's visor he said: "Hello! Hello!"

My ancestor replied: 'Good morrow, friend. I pray thee give me food and drink, or I perish." "Who are you and what are you do-

ing here?" quoth the man. My ancestor informed him of his name and station, repeating his request for sustenance and concluding by inquiring his savior's name.

"I am Aimless Walker, the pilgrim, he replied, "just from the Holy Land on foot, but I have no fodder for you. Yet methinks," he mused, "that in a the crowd, "that you have had the exdistant farmyard I espied a wheelbar- treme honor of being kicked out of his row left by some careless yokel. Hither will I hie me, and in two shakes will I return to thee and trundle thee to thy castle.

So speaking, he hied and in a short time returned with the barrow. First, however, he removed the knight's helmet, and filling it with water at a spring near by he brought the warrior drink, which cheered him mightily. Then, placing him in the barrow, he began to trundle him along the road toward the far distant town. They cheered the weary way by reciting their strange adventures to each other, and my ancestor has recorded in his diary that he never met a more cheerful and variegated liar in all his travels, and he was no slouch

himself, it is said. Toward noon Aimless grew fatigued, and stopping suddenly he said: "What do I get out of this anyway?"

"Why, fellow," quoth the knight,"is it not enough to know that thou art serving thy lord?"

"Lord, nothing!" said Walker, "Perhaps you are not aware that I'm the inventor of the existence without labor system and high archchancellor of the odge of Knights of the Road? It strikes me that I'm getting it where Mark got the mumps-in the neck."

"Hurry on," replied my ancestor, 'or darkness will again befall us ere we reach my castle. "If you were out of those iron gar-

nents and did a little walking yourself, the job would be easier," said Walker, and suiting the action to the words he turned the knight over, and with a monkey wrench which the warrior wore he began to undo his armor.

In a few minutes the knight appeared in his buckskin pajamas, and Walker was surprised to find him . such a small and in fact insignificant person. Seeing that he outclassed him when he was cestor to wheel the barrow, loaded as it

was with his armor and weapons.
Unaccustomed to such menial toil, the knight made such poor progress that evening found them still far from home. The pangs of hunger added to the knight's misery. But Walker dis-appeared in the woods, taking with him

the warrior's long spear.
In less than an hour he returned with a couple of fat pullets, a small pig. and a peck of Early Rose potatoes, disposed about his person in a manner that would have done credit to the king's "And now," said he, as he laid his

booty on the ground, "we will light a fire in the stove." "What stove?" exclaimed my ancestor in amazement.

"I'll show you," replied Aimless, 'how necessity can create out of apparently the most incongruous materials a satisfactory base burning, self feeding and self regulating Sunshine range and heater combined, warranted, likewise, to save fuel and reduce the cost of living by one-half." Speaking thus, he took the warrior's

iron body piece and placed it upon several stones in an upright position. In a few minutes he had attached the armpieces, thus constructing a stovepipe, and filling the contrivance with lea and wood in less than a quarter of an hour he had a merry fire blazing there-Filling the helmet with water, he placed it upon the opening in the armor for the knight's neck and left it to boil, while he prepared the chickens. These he put in the pot with the potatoes to boil. Then, taking the knight's shirt of chain he drove four stakes in the ground at equal distances and suspended the garment in such a manner that when he had lighted a fire beneath it served as a gridiron to broil the porker

'Now." said Aimless as he removed the porker from the gridiron, and placing it upon my ancestor's shield began to carve it with his sword, "just spear them poultry and taters outen the pot, will yer, and we'll begin the banquet," My ancestor fished out the chickens and potatoes, and they fell to.

"A couple of perfectos would just finish this about right," said Aimless, cluded several small towns, great forests with a sigh, as he lay back against a

Then he filled the stove with more firewood and said: "We'll keep that going all night and snooze right alongside of it," which

In the morning they warmed over the remnants of the feast and proceeded on other knightly diversions, rescuing fe- their way. As they neared my ancesmales in distress, storming castles and | tor's castle, Walker began to muse, as drinking wassail with the other lords one who meditates putting up a job, but the warrior did not perceive it, as he was busy pushing the wheelbarrow. Suddenly Walker broke out:

"Strikes me, my lord, that it were an unseemly entrance to your city that von make. Perchance 'twere wiser to resume your metallic togs and go in in some style." My ancestor assented to this, and with

the pilgrim's help entered his armor, the infidels who bit the dust before his and Walker fastened the combination

Then the base, ignoble churl rapidly trundled the supine and hapless knight to an obscure street in the lowest and the public pulse, as it were, and in this most unfashionable part of my ancesmanner met with many adventures well tor's town, down near the river, and worth recording. In an old black letter manuscript, dated 1246, there is an piece of cloth, which he tore off the tail

which I have rendered into modern Eng- | Chuckling with fiendish glee, he then lish, and goes to show how the life of proceeded until he came to the junka knight of old was subject to strange shop of William Slathers, afterward Earl Slathers, the first of what became He was riding through a forest one a noble English family, and there he day, when his steed suddenly reared sold the armor and weapons, my ancesand threw my ancestor to the ground tor included, as old iron at 8 cents a

He then decamped. Slathers, in examining his bargain a little later, discovered concealed withroadside and brace himself up against in the person of his liege lord. Between a tree. It was a lonely road, and few the shock of finding him thus and repeople traversed it. Thus he lay two alizing that he had been bunkoed into days without food or drink, unable to buying 125 pounds of my ancestor as

McDougal in New York World. Then the Audience Smiled.

"Yes," said the irrepressible interviewer to a little lot of admirers, "I have hobnobbed with most of the celebrities of the day. I have shaken hands with Mr. Gladstone, dined with the Marquis of Salisbury, taken wine with the Duke of Devonshire and chatted with Mr. Chamberlain about his orchids. I have met several royal dukes at garden parties. I have exchanged opinions about the weather with dozens of M. P.'s. I have interviewed most of the celebrated divines, statesmen,

scholars and athletes". "But you have omitted to mention," said a quiet voice somewhere behind house by a certain noble boxing man!' And then the audience-but see heading. -Judy.

Ran on the Water.

A noted public man was accused ome time ago of a want of patriotic spirit in trying to get out of the leadership of his party. His accuser said in a public meeting: "What did he do, Mr. Chairman, when he found the ship was sinking? Did he nail his colors to the mast and stand by the old flag? No, sir, he got out and ran away. -London Tit-Bits.

Sailing Faster Than the Wind.

Every yachtsman knows that a ship car sail faster than the wind-that is to say if the wind is blowing 10 knots an hour, a ship may be making 12 or 15 knots an hour. Now, it is obvious that if the ship is sailing straight before the wind it can not, at the utmost, travel faster than the wind tself is blowing-as a matter of fact, it wil, travel much more slowly. If, on the other hand, the ship is sailing at an angle with the wind, it seems at first sight that the wind must act with less effect than before, but as a matter of fact the ship not only sails more quickly than before, but more quickly than the wind itself is blowing. Let us consider the diffi culty in the light of the following experi-

Place a ball at one side of the billiard table, and with the cue, not held in the ordinary manner but lengthwise from end to end of the table, shove the ball across the cloth. The cue here represents the wind, and the ball the ship sailing directly before it. The ball, of course, travels at the same rate as the cue. Now, suppose a groove in which the ball may roll be cut diagonally across the table from one corner pocket to the other. If the ball be now placed at one end of the groove and the cue held horizontally, parallel with the long sides and moved forward across the width of the table as before, the ball will travel a long the groove and along the cue, diagout of his armor, he began to bully ognally across the table in the same time him, and finally he compelled my an- as the cue takes to move across the width of the table. This is the case of the ship

salling at an angle with the direction of pocket, as amerware amcovered that the wind. The groove is considerably long-watch and chain were his own.—London the wind. The groove is considerably longer than the width of the table—more than double as long, in fact. The ball, therefore, travels much faster than the cue

Of all the extraordinary stories of female adventuresses, the account of the career of "Golden Hand," a Russian woman recently sed to Siberia for life, reads mosilike an effort of fiction.

and speaking fluently Russian, Roumanian, German, French and English, she had been

the chief overseer fell a victim to her wiles.

no matter or what name or nature, married her and went off to Constantino yield to its remedial influences. ple. But after a few months his wife bolted and soon after was recognized in Moscow by a police official, who proceeded to

In response to her urgent pleadings, how-ever, he delayed marching her off upon the

made off with the bulk of his worldly possessions, finding out who she really was,
speedily landed her in jail, where the lawyer intrusted with her defense had an opportunity of appreciating her skill as a
pickpocket. When he went to see her in
her cell, she presented him with a gold
watch and chain as a token of her gratitude
for his efforts in her cause. Feeling in his
Opera Co. for his efforts in her cause. Feeling in his Opera Co.

Conscience, or what?

which impels it, since it covers more than double the distance in the same time. It is in precisely the same manner that a tacking ship is enabled to sail faster than the wind.—European Traveler's Book.

Sixteen Times Married.

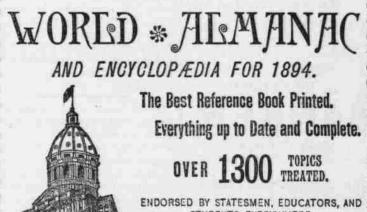
Conscience doth make cowards of us all, "says the poet. But it is just so with the nerves. When a man's nerves are unstrung, through indigestion and torpid liver and impure blood, what wonder that he feels depressed and nervous! He starts at every little unexpected sound: is afraid ery little unexpected sound; is afraid of his shadow, and feels like a fool. Let such a man go the drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifier and Liver Invigorator. This is the only blood-purifier and liver invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or mon-ey will be promptly refunded. It German, French and English, she had been married 16 times and in turn ran away ey will be promptly refunded. It married 16 times and in turn ran away ey will be promptly refunded. It married 16 times and in turn ran away ey will be promptly refunded. It is wonderful blood purifying properties, conquer all skin and scalp disconnected the conduction of t Once before she was condemned to Si-eases, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema and beria, but had not been there long before kindred ailments. All blood-poisons,

> Played With a Revolver. LANCASTER, O., Dec. 4.-John Souder, 12, was fatally injured while playing with a revolver.

spot, and, like the rest, speedily succumbed to her fascinations, with the result that she woman again escaped and lived some two years in Russia unmolested.

But her sixteenth husband, after she had made off with the bulk of his worldly possible of the result was marmade of with the bulk of his worldly possible of the result was marmade of the result of the result of the result was marmade of the result of the res Allow me to add my tribute to the

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